DC
GRAY • PALMIOTTI • CONNER
POWER GIRL
8
MAR '10
DCCOMICS.COM
CONNER
MOUNTS

A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE

writers: JIMMY PALMIOTTI & JUSTIN GRAY art & cover: AMANDA CONNER
colors: PAUL MOUNTS letters: JOHN J. HILL
associate editor: RACHEL GLUCKSTERN
editor: MIKE CARLIN

THIS IS BAD. REAL BAD.

NOTHING WE HIT THEM WITH KEEPS THEM DOWN MORE THAN A FEW MOMENTS.

I'M ACTUALLY GETTING TIRED.

VARTOX IS GETTING TIRED TOO... I CAN SEE IT.

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR HOURS NOW AND THESE THINGS JUST MIGHT BE INDESTRUCTIBLE. NOT VERY BRIGHT THOUGH...

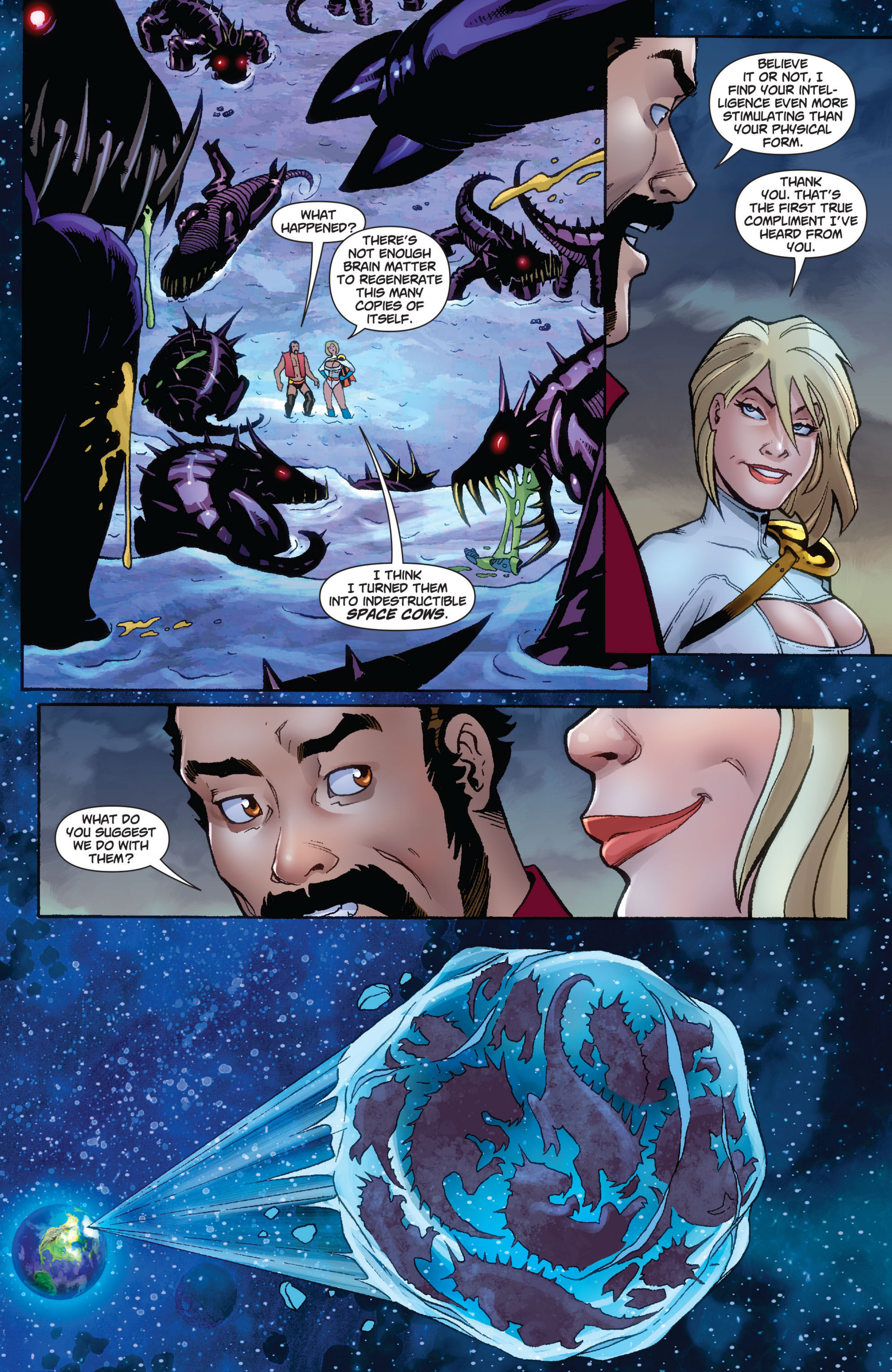
previously in: Power Girl!

The alien Hyper-Man, **Vartox** of Valeron, has crossed the universe in search of the one woman he believes can help stop the extinction of his people—**Power Girl!** Unfortunately for Vartox, Power Girl has no intention of mating with him. In a desperate bid to win her affection, Vartox unleashed the dreaded **Ix Negaspike**, a planet-killing monster, on Power Girl's adopted home planet of **Earth**.

CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

VARTOX, HAVE YOU NOTICED THEY HAVE NO STRATEGY, NO ABILITY TO FIGHT AS A UNIT?
THEY DON'T NEED STRATEGY. THEY ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE, MINDLESS KILLING MACHINES.
WE ARE NOT. SOONER OR LATER... WE'LL LOSE.
LOSE? I DON'T LIKE LOSING... THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.
THE FIRST IX NEGASPIKE SEEMED MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THE DOZEN IT TURNED INTO WHEN I FROZE AND SHATTERED IT. IT STANDS TO REASON...
VARTOX, I HAVE A PLAN.
I SERIOUSLY HOPE YOUR PLAN DOESN'T INCLUDE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE OF THE ACTION THAT CREATED MORE IX.
I WISH HE'D SHUT UP.
I WANT TO PUNCH HIS FACE IN FOR BRINGING THIS MADNESS TO MY PLANET.
I'VE NOTICED YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME DIFFERENTLY SINCE WE BEGAN THIS BATTLE.
DOWN, BOY...
HE'S CONSTANTLY ACTING LIKE A HORNY TEENAGE BOY.
IN ANY NUMBER OF OTHER MEN, THAT MIGHT BE CUTE, BUT WITH HIM IT'S JUST ANNOYING. EXTREMELY ANNOYING.

I NOTICED YOU HAVE A LOT OF THE SAME POWERS THAT I DO.
DOES THAT INCLUDE FREEZING BREATH?
EXCELLENT, A COMPATIBILITY QUIZ!
OH, JUST SHUT UP AND ANSWER THE QUESTION.
I POSSESS FREEZE BREATH, THE ABILITY OF FLIGHT, INVULNERABILITY, SUPER STRENGTH AND SENSES, TELEKINESIS, TELEPATHY, ENERGY PROJECTION, ASTRAL PROJECTION, AND THE ABILITY TO TRANSFER THESE POWERS TO OTHERS.
THAT'S GREAT, BUT LET'S TEST MY THEORY.
IF YOU'RE WRONG THERE WILL BE EVEN MORE OF THEM TO FIGHT.
YOU SCARED?
OF COURSE NOT! VARTOX FEARS NOTHING!
EXCEPT SILENCE I GUESS.
IT'S PAST TIME I TAUGHT THESE ALIEN MONSTERS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE THEIR COLLECTIVE BUTTS KICKED!


WHAT HAPPENED?
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH BRAIN MATTER TO REGENERATE THIS MANY COPIES OF ITSELF.
I THINK I TURNED THEM INTO INDESTRUCTIBLE SPACE COWS.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I FIND YOUR INTELLIGENCE EVEN MORE STIMULATING THAN YOUR PHYSICAL FORM.
THANK YOU. THAT'S THE FIRST TRUE COMPLIMENT I'VE HEARD FROM YOU.
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO WITH THEM?

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO PREPARE A MEAL IN *CELEBRATION* OF OUR IMPROBABLE *VICTORY* OVER THE IX NEGASPIKE.

I DON'T THINK *THAT'S* A GOOD IDEA.

YOUR MOTIVES ARE SUSPECT.

A FINELY PREPARED MEAL WOULD ALLOW ME TIME TO EXPLAIN THE *DIRE CIRCUMSTANCES* FACING MY PLANET AND THE REASON I'VE COME TO MATE WITH YOU.

SURELY YOU REQUIRE *NOURISHMENT* AFTER SUCH AN *EXTENSIVE* BATTLE.

YUP. NOW. I'LL PUNCH HIS FACE IN NOW.

ENOUGH WITH THE MATING TALK.

I DON'T *HAVE* TO EAT, BUT I CAN. YOU *PROMISE* NOT TO SLIP ANYTHING *FUNNY* INTO MY DRINK?

NO. I HAVE TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR YOU AS A WOMAN.

IF YOU ARE SUGGESTING I'D MAKE *ANOTHER* ATTEMPT AT CHEMICAL ROMANCE...

OH *PLEASE*. YOU'VE BEEN *OBJECTIFYING* ME SINCE YOU ARRIVED ON EARTH.

YOU ASSUMED I'D BE SWEPT UP IN YOUR HAIRY-CHEST MACHO BRAVADO BECAUSE IT WORKS ON *YOUR* PLANET.

ADMITTEDLY A *MISTAKE*. I HAVEN'T ENCOUNTERED A WOMAN LIKE YOU *SINCE*...

I JUST FEEL I SHOULD APOLOGIZE IN THE CUSTOM OF MY PEOPLE.

A PREGNANT PAUSE FOLLOWED BY REDIRECTION. NOW I'M CURIOUS...

OKAY. WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

WHAT THE HELL, AT LEAST IT SHOULD BE AMUSING.

MANHATTAN, NEW YORK

WHAT ABOUT THE SHIPMENT, *BADGER*?

TOMORROW AT MIDNIGHT, *MISTRESS SATANNA*. CAPTAIN UNGUELE WILL DOCK AT REDHOOK PIER FORTY-ONE.

HAVE YOU FOUND *HUMANITE* YET?

NO, BUT I *WILL*.

I HAVE DOZENS OF AGENTS WORKING ON UNCOVERING HIS WHERE-ABOUTS.

I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT BLONDE BITCH PAY FOR WHAT SHE DID.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, THE CREEPY LITTLE BALD MAN DELIVERED NEW TECH FOR YOU. HE WANTS YOU TO PICK IT UP PERSONALLY.

WHAT IS IT?

SOME KIND OF GRAVITATIONAL DEVICE.

HE'S POSITIVE IT WILL WORK?

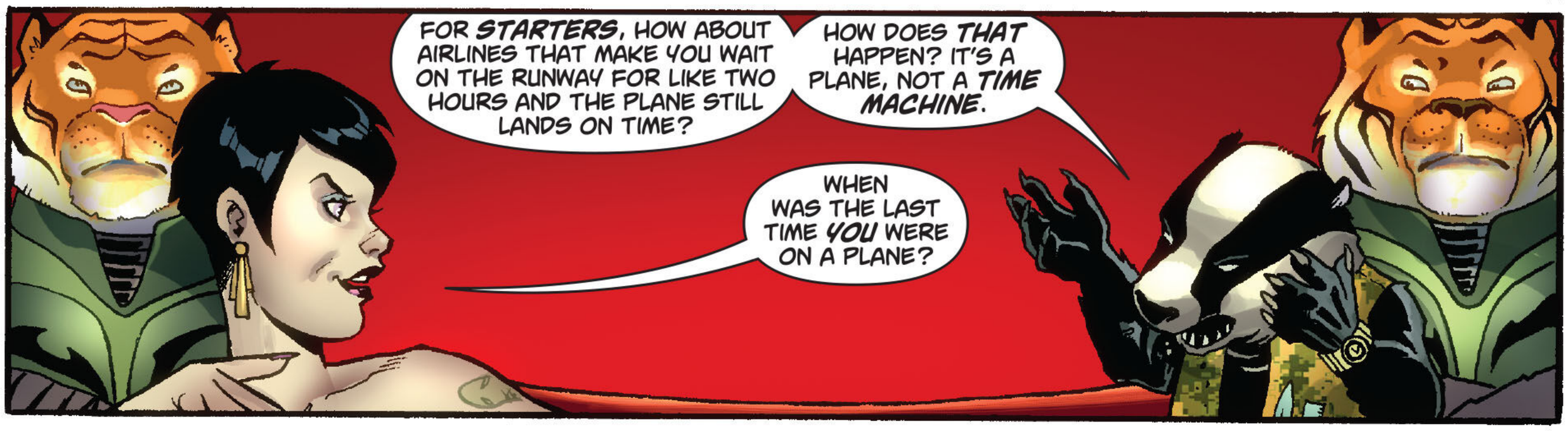
HE'S A MAD SCIENTIST. YOU KNOW HOW *THEY* ARE.

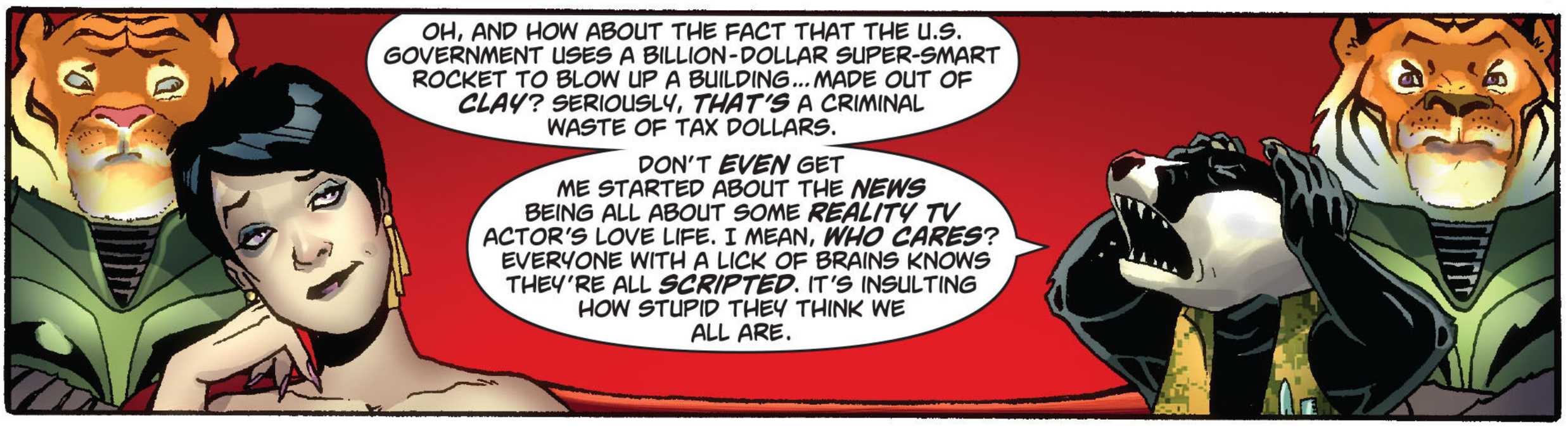
YOU'RE A MAD SCIENTIST.

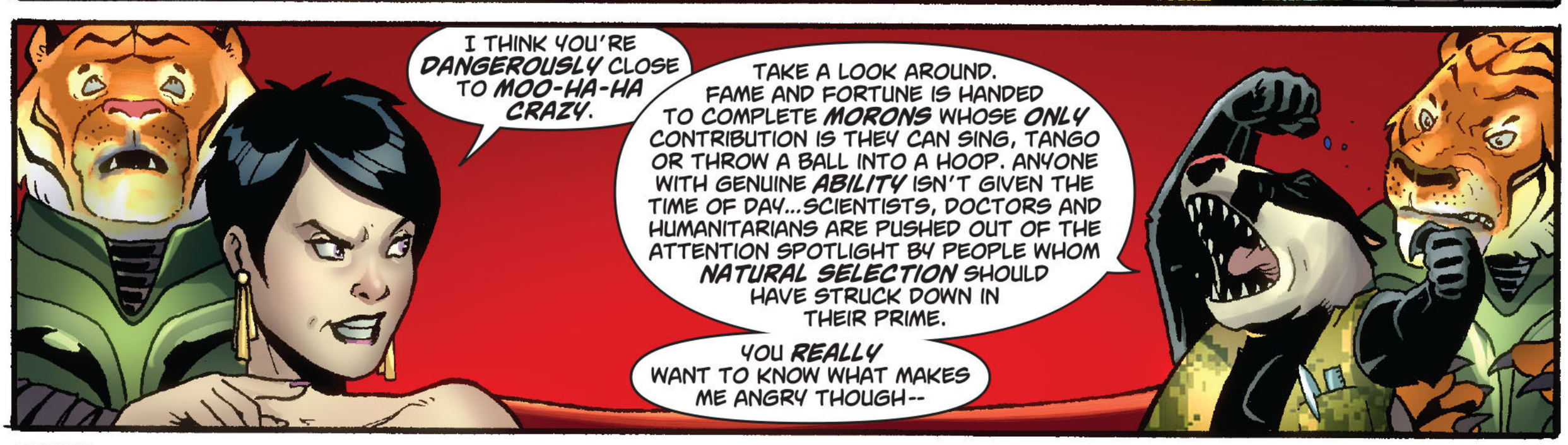
I'M MAD AS IN *ANGRY*, HE'S MAD AS IN *MOO-HA-HA* CRAZY.

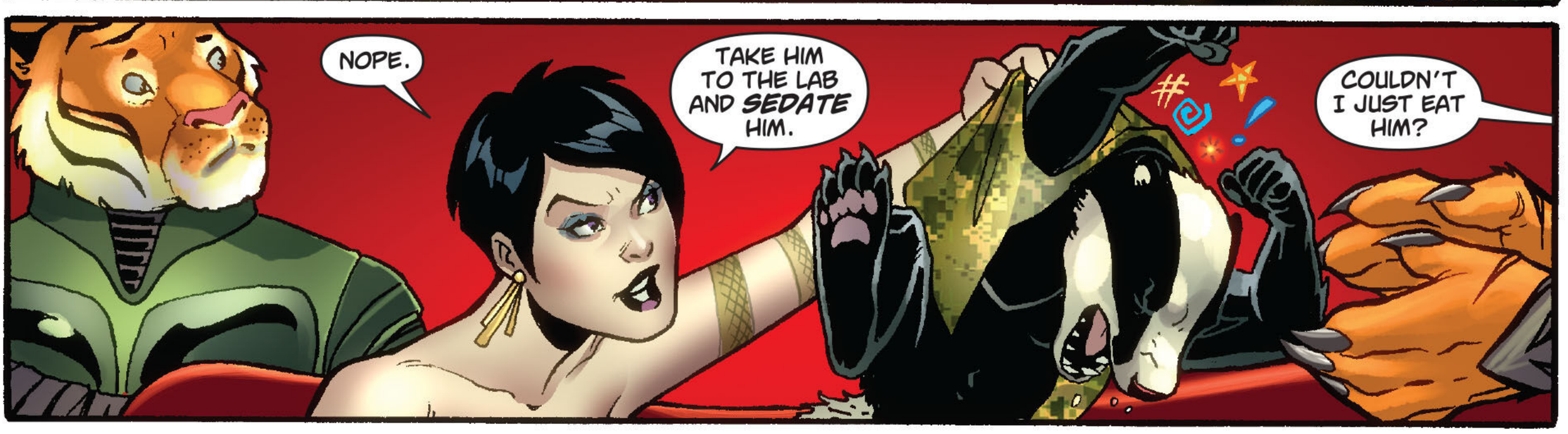
THERE IS AN OBVIOUS DIFFERENCE.

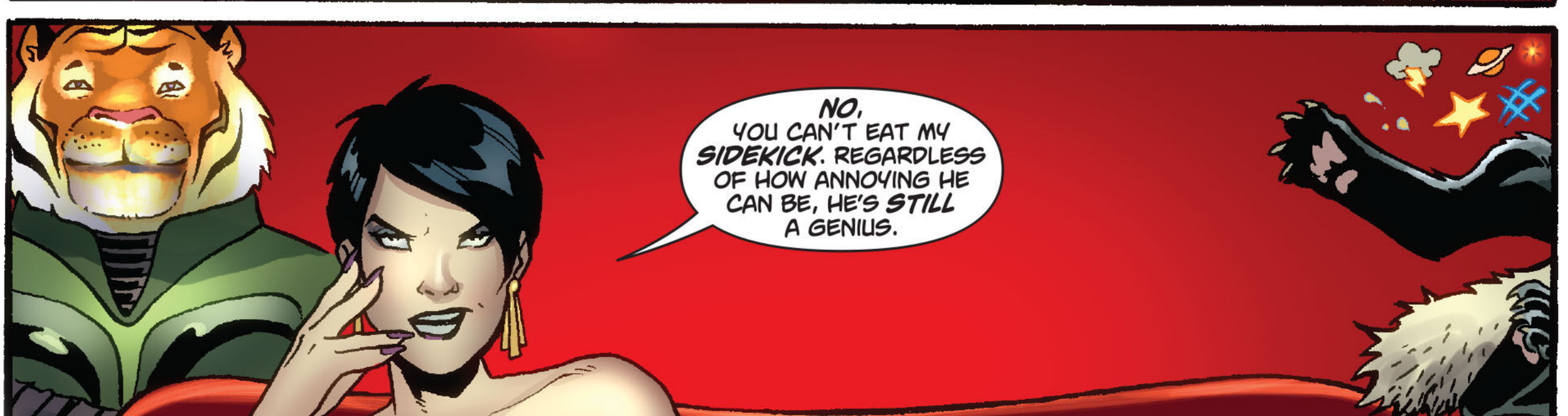
OKAY...I'M GAME. WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU SO ANGRY ABOUT?

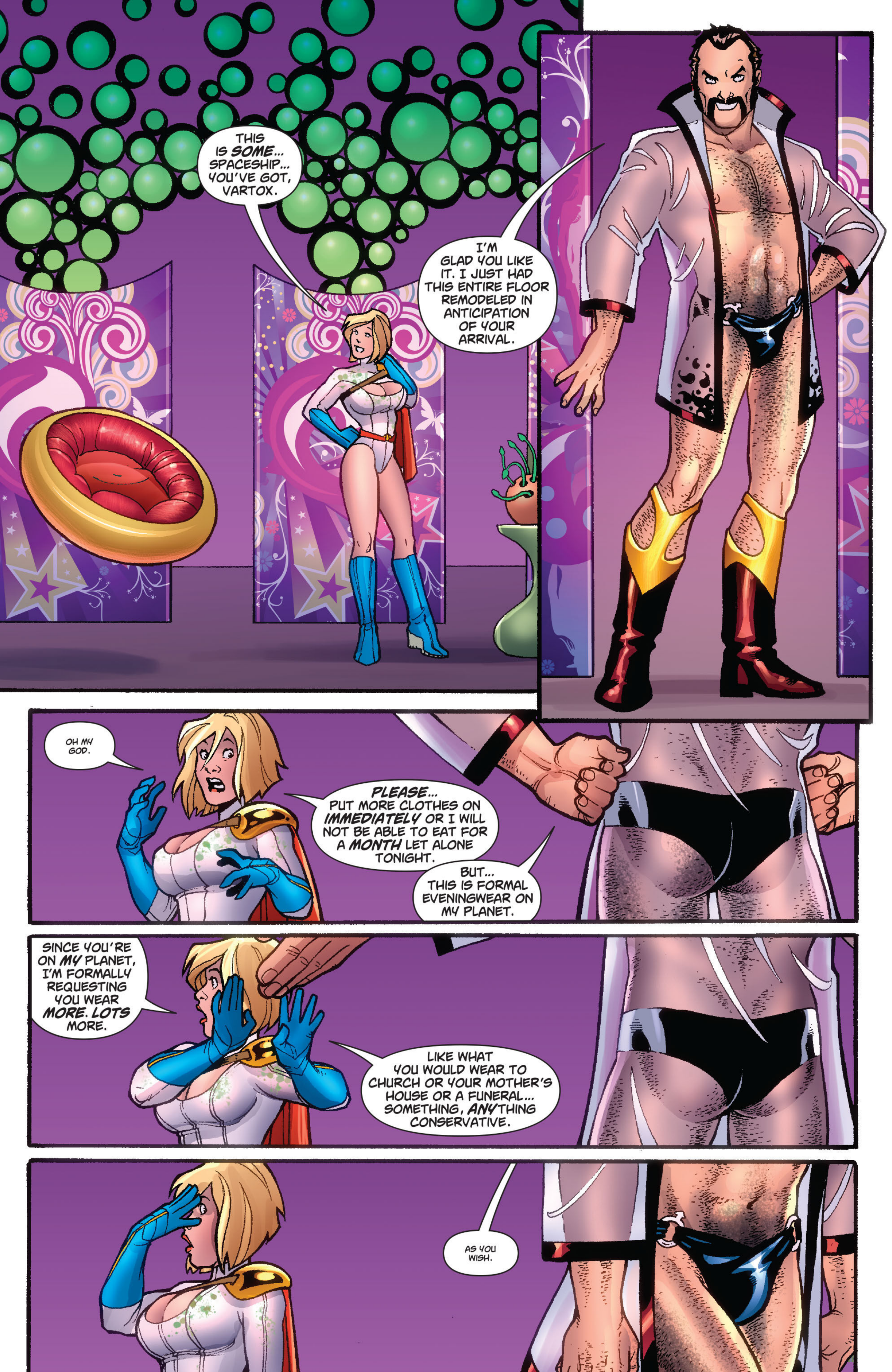

FOR STARTERS, HOW ABOUT AIRLINES THAT MAKE YOU WAIT ON THE RUNWAY FOR LIKE TWO HOURS AND THE PLANE STILL LANDS ON TIME?
HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN? IT'S A PLANE, NOT A TIME MACHINE.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE ON A PLANE?


OH, AND HOW ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE U.S. GOVERNMENT USES A BILLION-DOLLAR SUPER-SMART ROCKET TO BLOW UP A BUILDING...MADE OUT OF CLAY? SERIOUSLY, THAT'S A CRIMINAL WASTE OF TAX DOLLARS.
DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ABOUT THE NEWS BEING ALL ABOUT SOME REALITY TV ACTOR'S LOVE LIFE. I MEAN, WHO CARES? EVERYONE WITH A LICK OF BRAINS KNOWS THEY'RE ALL SCRIPTED. IT'S INSULTING HOW STUPID THEY THINK WE ALL ARE.


I THINK YOU'RE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO MOO-HA-HA CRAZY.
TAKE A LOOK AROUND. FAME AND FORTUNE IS HANDED TO COMPLETE MORONS WHOSE ONLY CONTRIBUTION IS THEY CAN SING, TANGO OR THROW A BALL INTO A HOOP. ANYONE WITH GENUINE ABILITY ISN'T GIVEN THE TIME OF DAY...SCIENTISTS, DOCTORS AND HUMANITARIANS ARE PUSHED OUT OF THE ATTENTION SPOTLIGHT BY PEOPLE WHOM NATURAL SELECTION SHOULD HAVE STRUCK DOWN IN THEIR PRIME.
YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT MAKES ME ANGRY THOUGH--


NOPE.
TAKE HIM TO THE LAB AND SEDATE HIM.
COULDN'T I JUST EAT HIM?


NO, YOU CAN'T EAT MY SIDEKICK. REGARDLESS OF HOW ANNOYING HE CAN BE, HE'S STILL A GENIUS.


THIS IS SOME... SPACESHIP... YOU'VE GOT, VARTOX.
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT. I JUST HAD THIS ENTIRE FLOOR REMODELED IN ANTICIPATION OF YOUR ARRIVAL.
OH MY GOD.
PLEASE... PUT MORE CLOTHES ON IMMEDIATELY OR I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO EAT FOR A MONTH LET ALONE TONIGHT.
BUT... THIS IS FORMAL EVENINGWEAR ON MY PLANET.
SINCE YOU'RE ON MY PLANET, I'M FORMALLY REQUESTING YOU WEAR MORE. LOTS MORE.
LIKE WHAT YOU WOULD WEAR TO CHURCH OR YOUR MOTHER'S HOUSE OR A FUNERAL... SOMETHING, ANYTHING CONSERVATIVE.
AS YOU WISH.

WHAT ARE WE HAVING FOR DINNER ANYWAY?

IT'S A SURPRISE.

IS *THIS* MORE SUITABLE?

...ACTUALLY... YEAH...THAT'S... GOOD.

IF YOU'D PREFER NOT TO WEAR YOUR UNIFORM, THE ***CLOTHING DISPENSOR 12,000*** CAN BE PROGRAMMED TO ANY SPECIFICATION YOU CHOOSE.

IT REALLY IS QUITE ASTONISHING IN ITS ACCURACY.

AND THERE'RE NO PERVY RECORDING DEVICES SET TO SCAN ME WHEN I'M NAKED FOR BROADCAST ACROSS THE UNIVERSE OR TO SOME PERSONAL COMPUTER FILE, IS THERE?

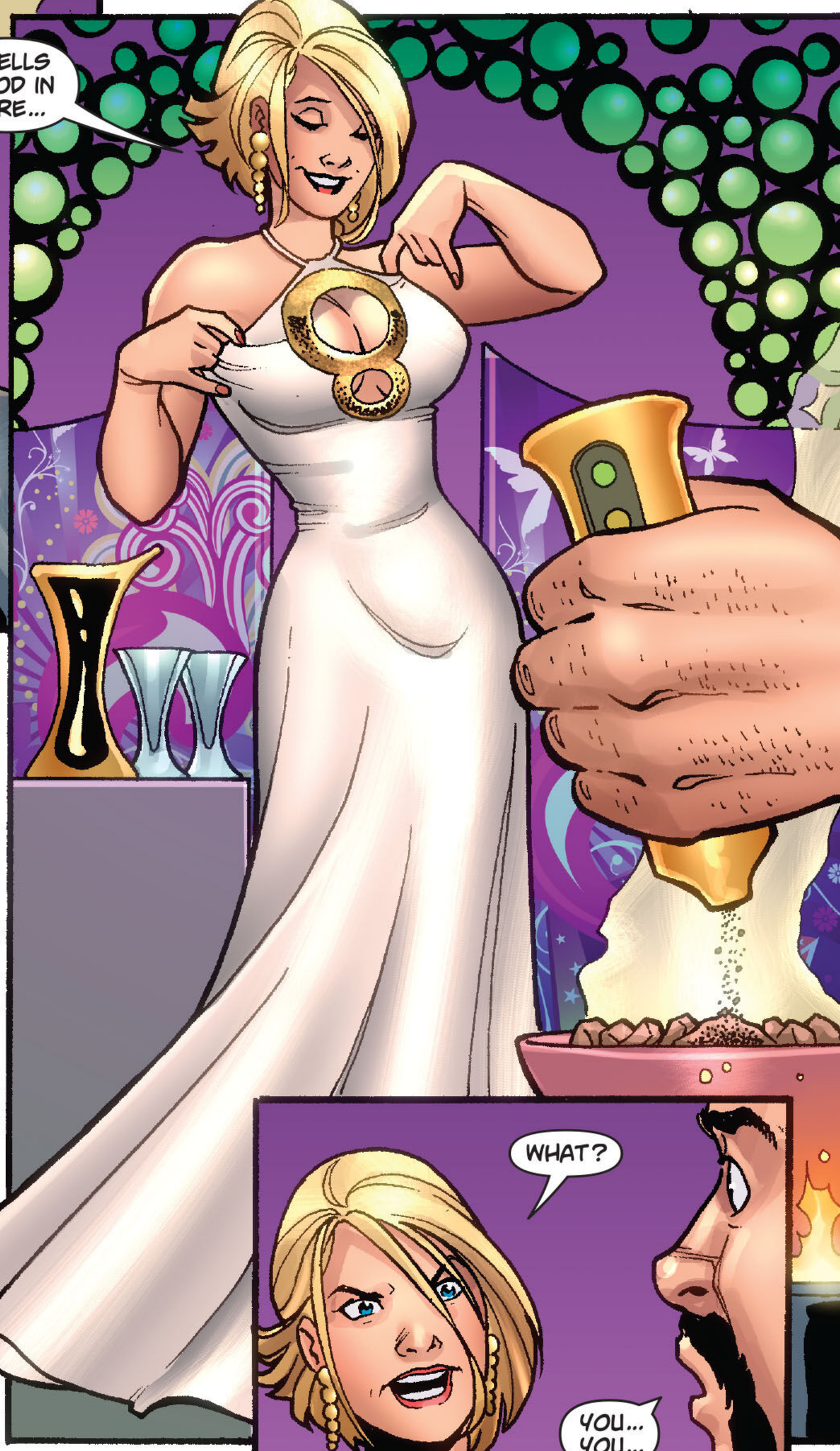
AHHH...

LET ME JUST TURN *THAT* PARTICULAR FUNCTION *OFF* THEN.

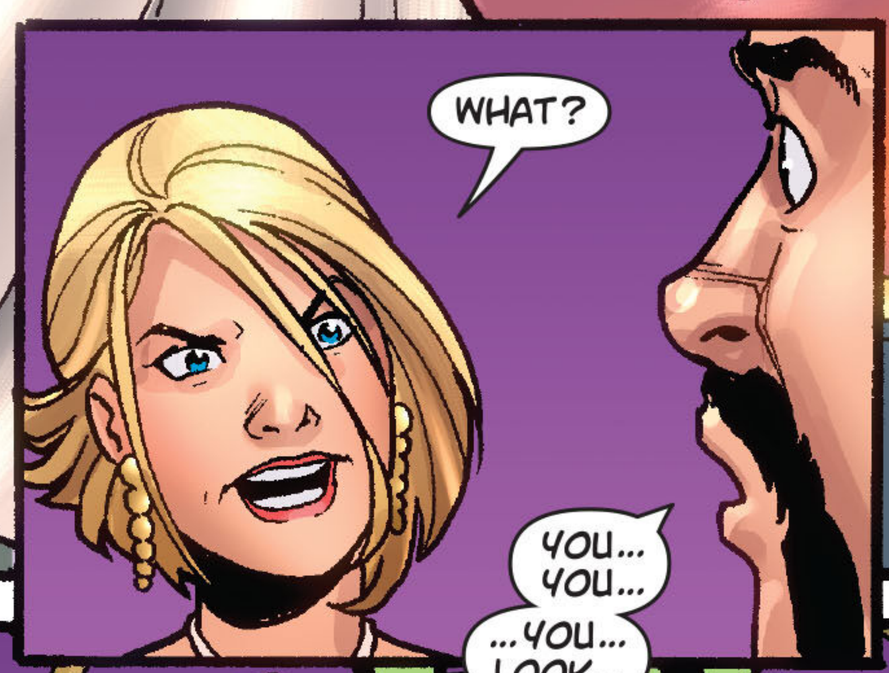
AND NO LOW-TECH PEEKING EITHER.

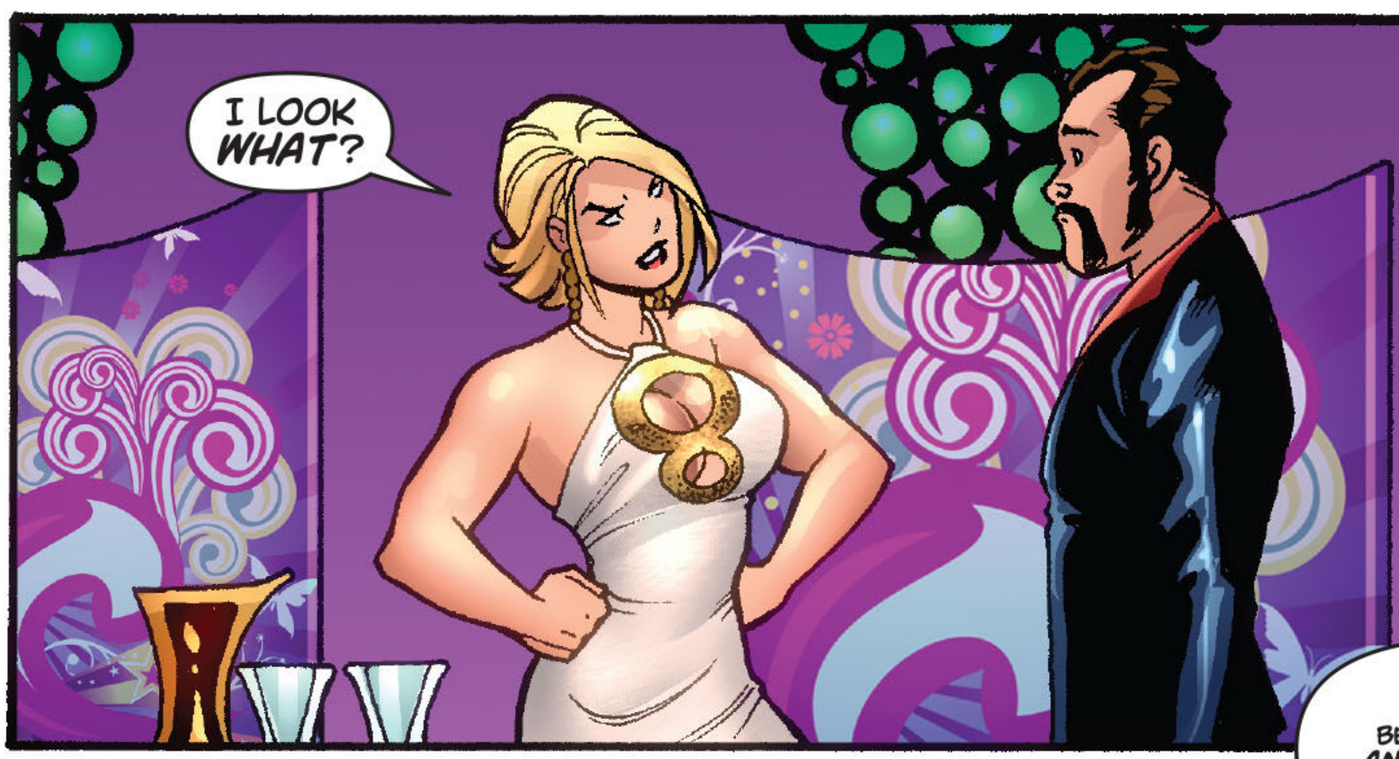
ABSOLUTELY NOT. YOU HAVE MY WORD.

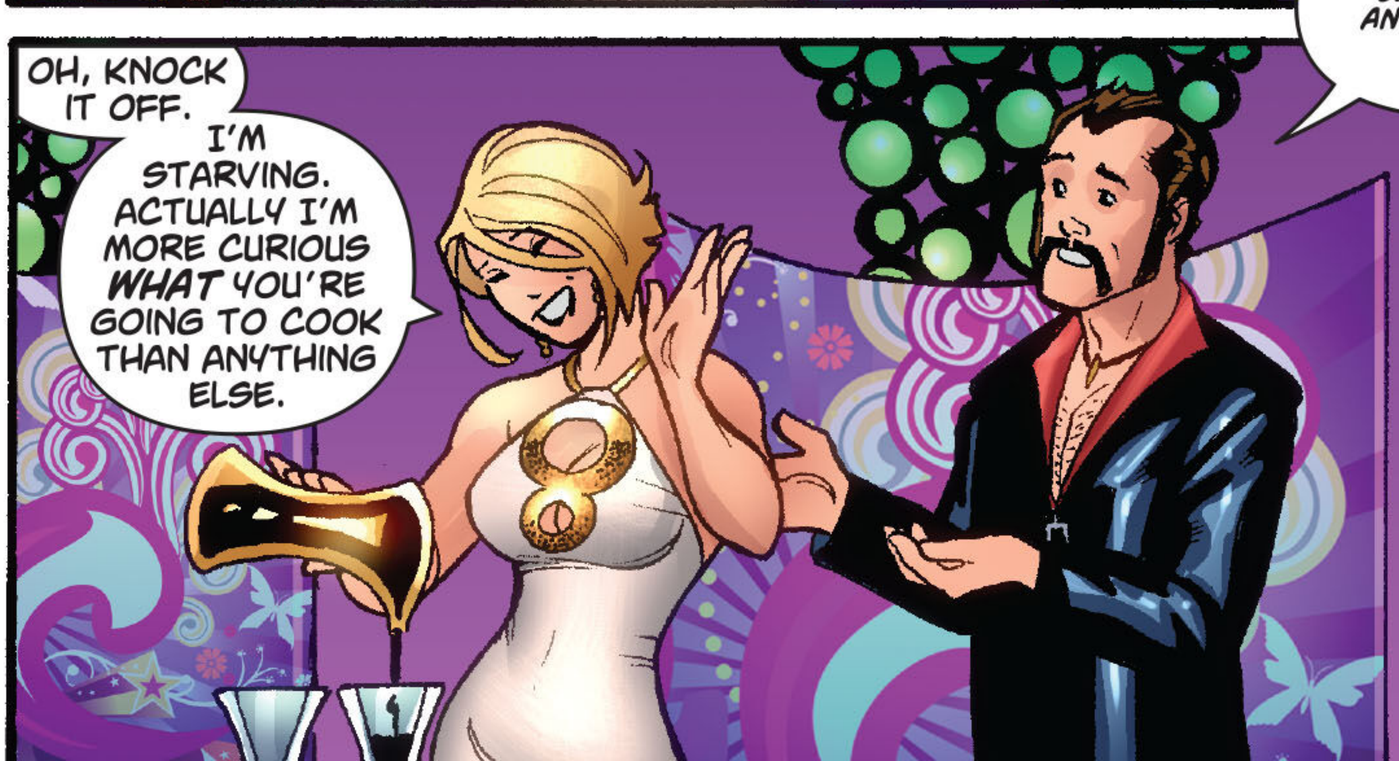
I'LL BE IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING OUR MEAL. PLEASE JOIN ME WHEN YOU'RE READY.

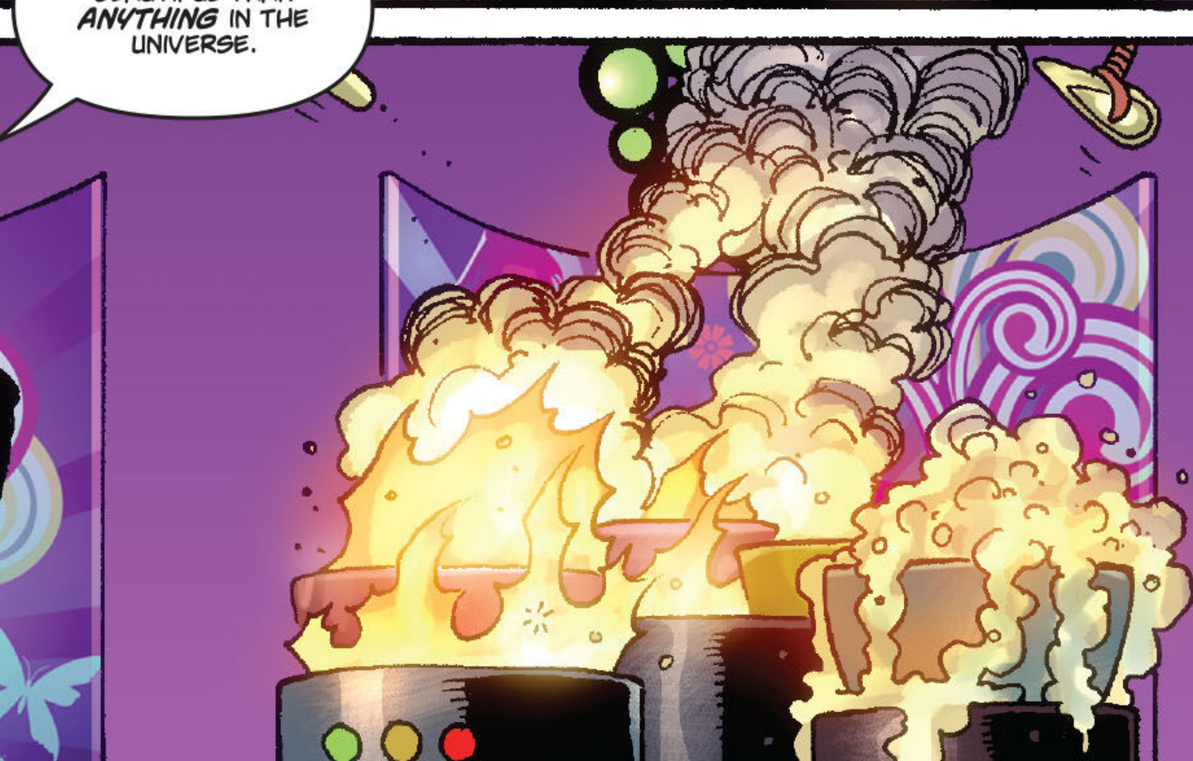

SMELLS GOOD IN HERE...

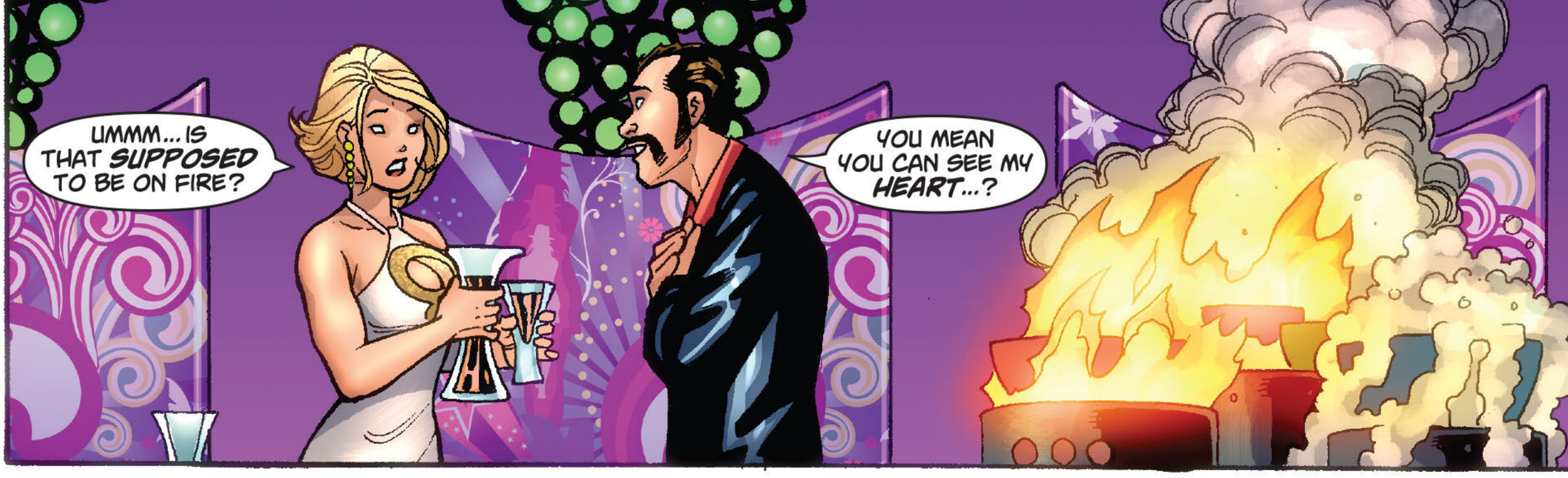
AT ONE POINT, YOUR CLOTHING MACHINE HAD ME IN A FUR BIKINI WITH LIZARD BOOTS. ACTUAL LIZARDS...THEY TICKLED, AND I FELT BAD WEARING THEM.

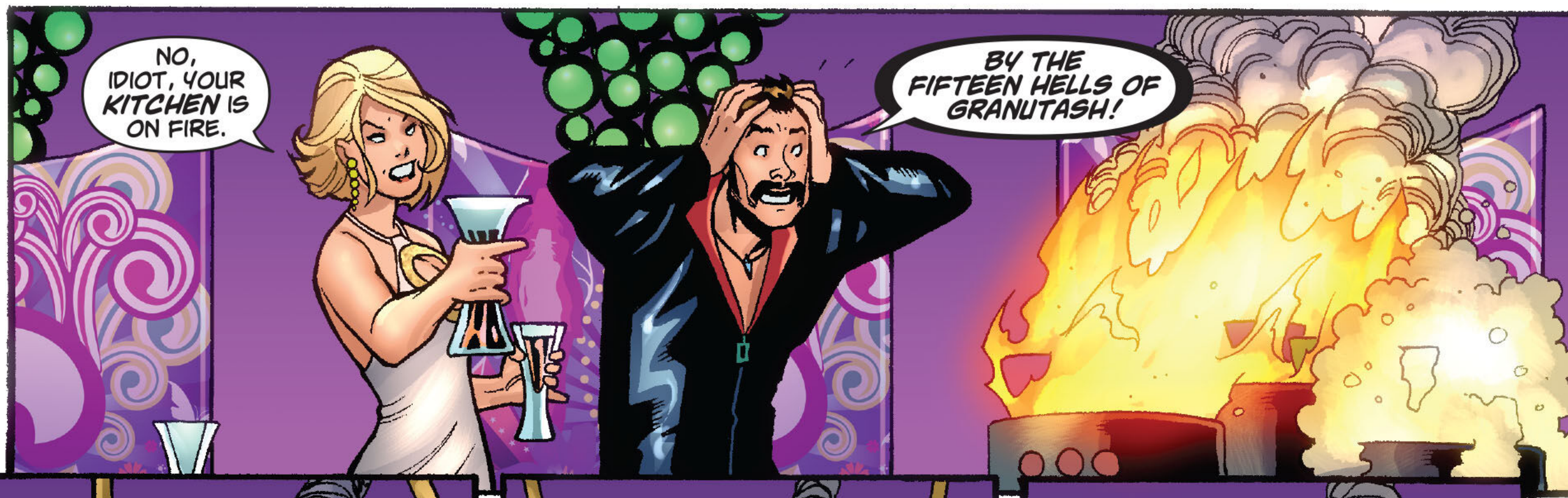

WHAT?
YOU... YOU...
...YOU... LOOK...

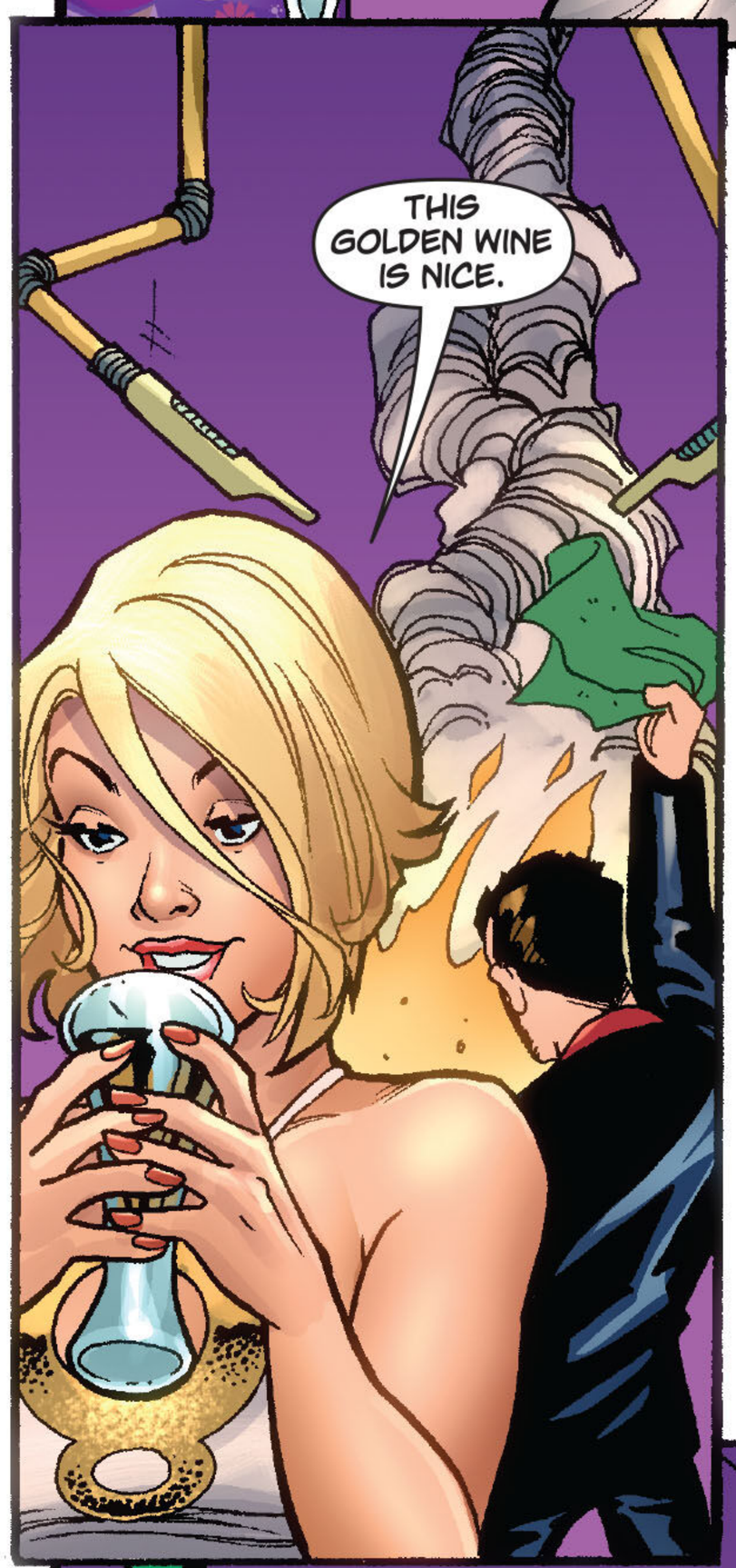

I LOOK WHAT?


OH, KNOCK IT OFF.
I'M STARVING. ACTUALLY I'M MORE CURIOUS WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO COOK THAN ANYTHING ELSE.


MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE.


UMMM... IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE ON FIRE?
YOU MEAN YOU CAN SEE MY HEART...?


NO, IDIOT, YOUR KITCHEN IS ON FIRE.
BY THE FIFTEEN HELLS OF GRANUTASH!

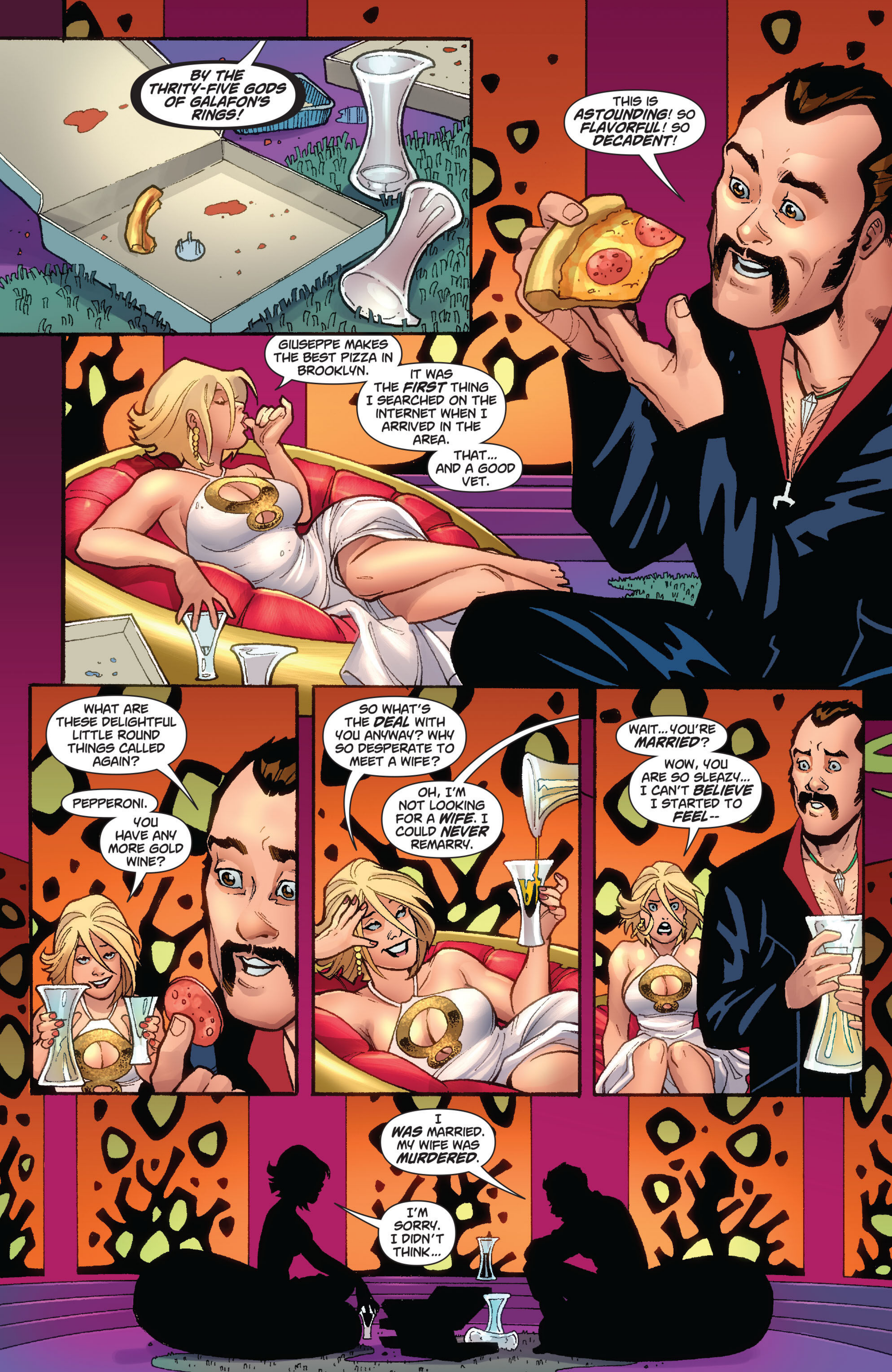

THIS GOLDEN WINE IS NICE.

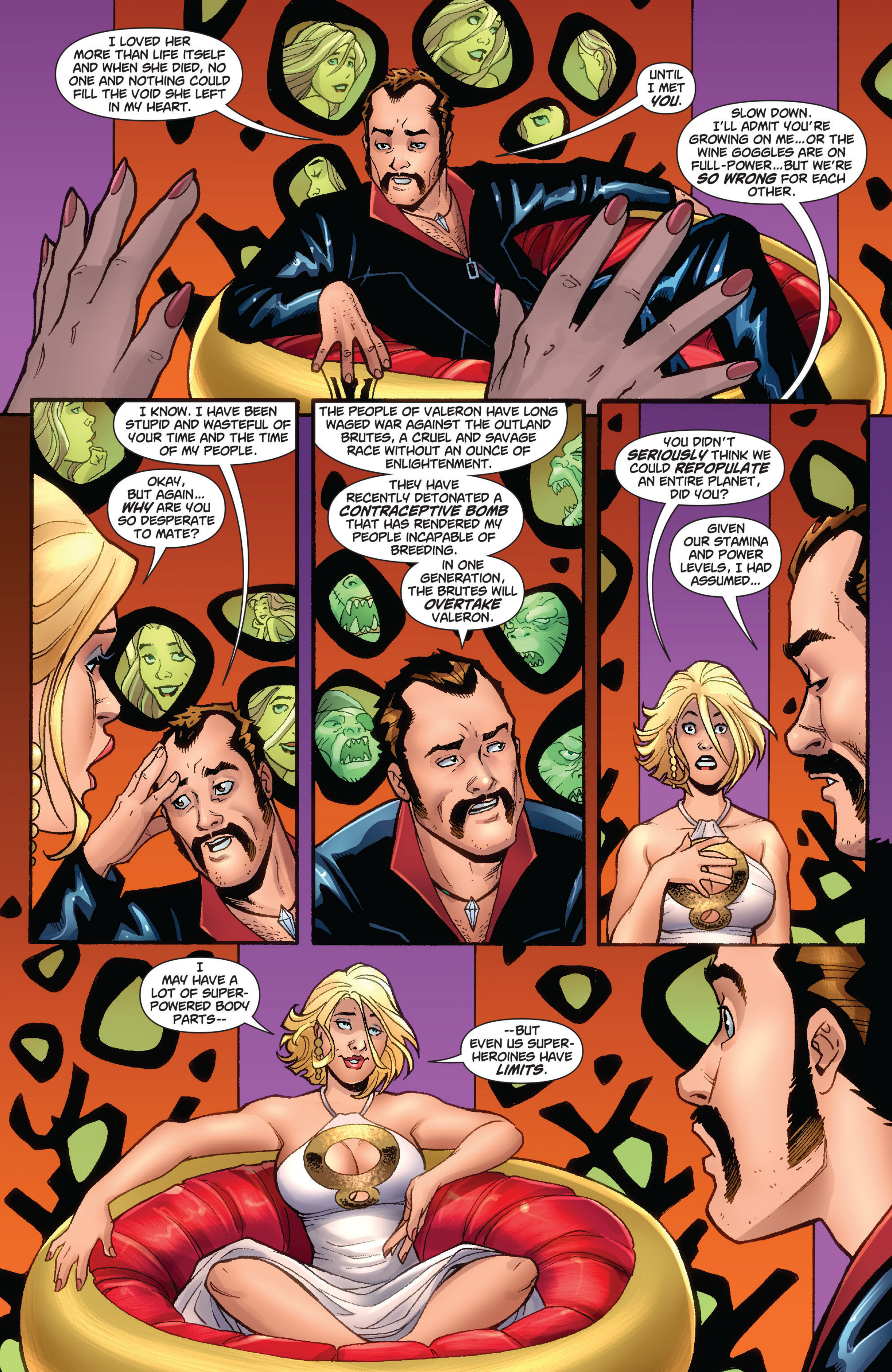
I'VE HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH THE ONBOARD SYSTEMS...
DON'T WORRY... IT WON'T BE BUT A MOMENT...

UNHAND THAT! STOP SPRAYING FOAM, DAMN YOU!

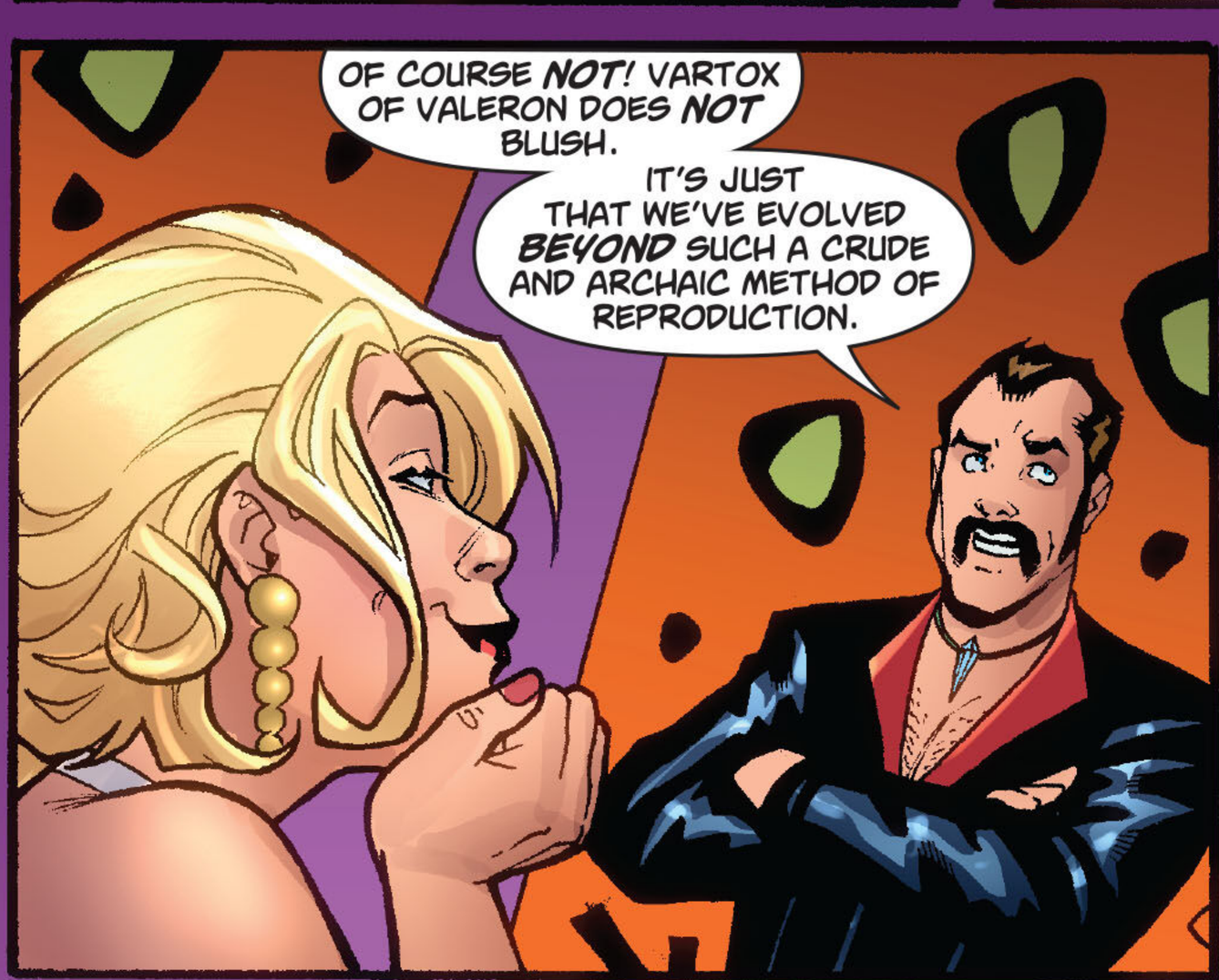
I KNOW... HOW ABOUT WE ORDER IN?
WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

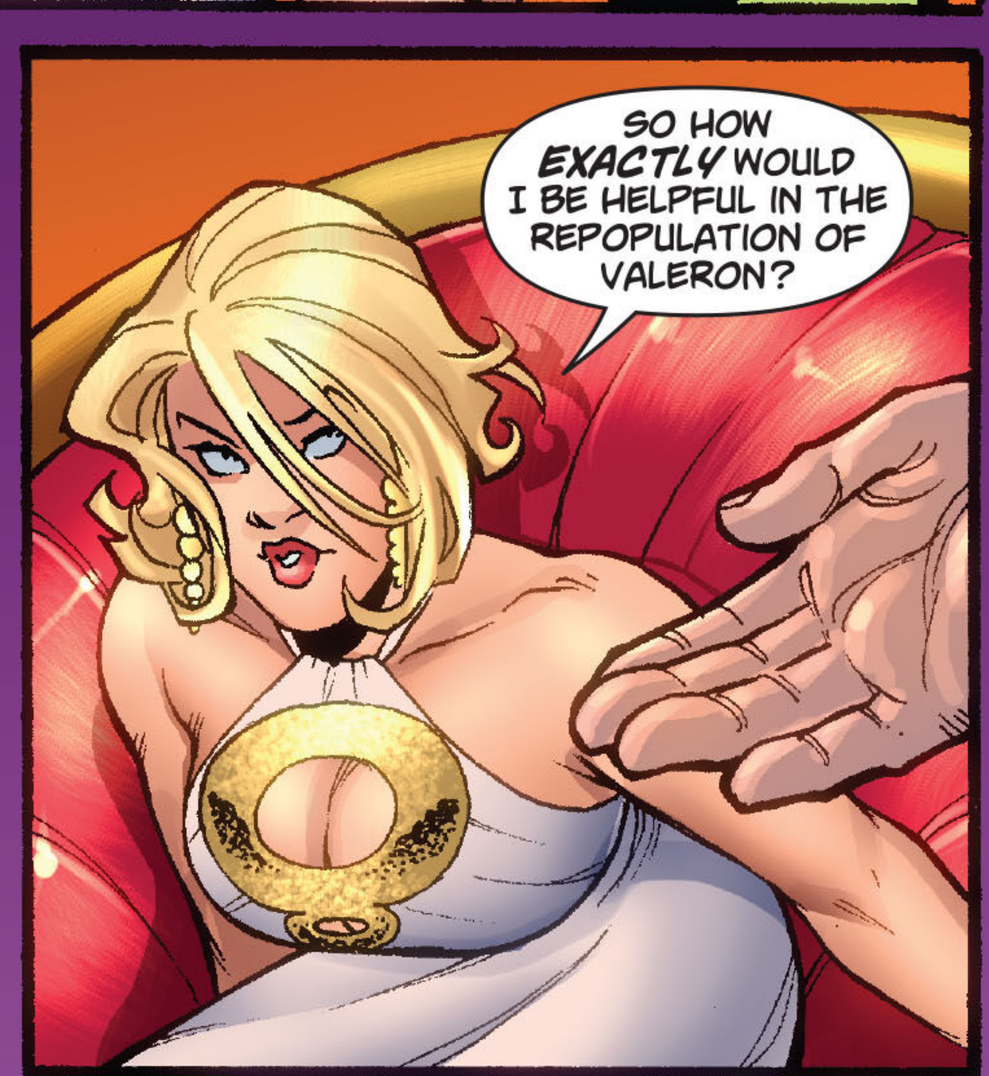
G&G's PIZ
PIZZA by the SLICE CALZON
SLICE..2.50
PIE SM.... 9.00
12.00
THAT'S $24.00. I THREW IN SOME GARLIC KNOTS, ON THE HOUSE!
OUR INSIDES!
TIMBREWSKI
THAT'S A REALLY BIG... HEAD...
YEAH, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU BEING ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE ME LIKE THIS.
KEEP THE CHANGE.
G&G's PIZZA
OH AND DON'T TELL ANYBODY YOU SAW THIS, O.K.?
NOBODY GONNA BELIEVE ME ANYWAY.
GIANT FLYIN' HEADS, CITY PULLED OUTTA THE WATER, CRAZY SPACE SHIP IN THE PARK, PIZZA DELIVERY ON MY ROOF...AT LEAST SHE'S A GOOD TIPPER!
I GOTTA MOVE TO FLORIDA.
WHADDAYA DOIN' UP HERE? YOU TALKIN' TO THE BIRDS NOW? WE GOT PEOPLE LINED UP OUTTA THE DOOR!
I SWEAR, I'M GONNA GO LIVE WITH MY SISTERS! YOU GIVE ME THE AGITA!
WOMAN... YA DRIVE ME CRAZY WITH THE NAGGIN'!
IZZAT A...?
YEAH, BIG DEAL, IT'S A GIANT HEAD THAT LIKES TA EAT PIZZA. LET'S GO.
WE GOTTA MOVE TA FLORIDA.


BY THE THRITY-FIVE GODS OF GALAFON'S RINGS!
THIS IS ASTOUNDING! SO FLAVORFUL! SO DECADENT!
GIUSEPPE MAKES THE BEST PIZZA IN BROOKLYN.
IT WAS THE FIRST THING I SEARCHED ON THE INTERNET WHEN I ARRIVED IN THE AREA.
THAT... AND A GOOD VET.
WHAT ARE THESE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE ROUND THINGS CALLED AGAIN?
PEPPERONI.
YOU HAVE ANY MORE GOLD WINE?
SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH YOU ANYWAY? WHY SO DESPERATE TO MEET A WIFE?
OH, I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A WIFE. I COULD NEVER REMARRY.
WAIT... YOU'RE MARRIED?
WOW, YOU ARE SO SLEAZY... I CAN'T BELIEVE I STARTED TO FEEL--
I WAS MARRIED. MY WIFE WAS MURDERED.
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T THINK...


I LOVED HER MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF AND WHEN SHE DIED, NO ONE AND NOTHING COULD FILL THE VOID SHE LEFT IN MY HEART.
UNTIL I MET YOU.
SLOW DOWN. I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE GROWING ON ME...OR THE WINE GOGGLES ARE ON FULL-POWER...BUT WE'RE SO WRONG FOR EACH OTHER.
I KNOW. I HAVE BEEN STUPID AND WASTEFUL OF YOUR TIME AND THE TIME OF MY PEOPLE.
OKAY, BUT AGAIN... WHY ARE YOU SO DESPERATE TO MATE?
THE PEOPLE OF VALERON HAVE LONG WAGED WAR AGAINST THE OUTLAND BRUTES, A CRUEL AND SAVAGE RACE WITHOUT AN OUNCE OF ENLIGHTENMENT.
THEY HAVE RECENTLY DETONATED A CONTRACEPTIVE BOMB THAT HAS RENDERED MY PEOPLE INCAPABLE OF BREEDING.
IN ONE GENERATION, THE BRUTES WILL OVERTAKE VALERON.
YOU DIDN'T SERIOUSLY THINK WE COULD REPOPULATE AN ENTIRE PLANET, DID YOU?
GIVEN OUR STAMINA AND POWER LEVELS, I HAD ASSUMED...
I MAY HAVE A LOT OF SUPER-POWERED BODY PARTS--
--BUT EVEN US SUPER-HEROINES HAVE LIMITS.

OHHHHH... YOU THOUGHT...
MY, THIS IS AWKWARD.
WE DON'T DO THAT!
HEH, NO ONE'S DONE THAT FOR CENTURIES!
"THAT"?
YOU KNOW...THE ACT...PHYSICALLY... THE STICKY STUFF...
IS MIGHTY VARTOX BLUSHING?


OF COURSE NOT! VARTOX OF VALERON DOES NOT BLUSH.
IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE EVOLVED BEYOND SUCH A CRUDE AND ARCHAIC METHOD OF REPRODUCTION.


SO HOW EXACTLY WOULD I BE HELPFUL IN THE REPOPULATION OF VALERON?

I CAN SHOW YOU THE FERTILITY ROOM.
NOW I'M SCARED.

FOXIOUS GARNERCUS, VALERON'S GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND, CREATED THE FERTILIZATION ROOM.

YOU'RE JOKING RIGHT?

THIS IS WHAT? WHERE YOU PUT ON A PINK FLOYD LASER SHOW?

I DON'T KNOW IF ANYONE'S FLOYD WOULD TURN PINK... BUT WERE WE TO ENGAGE THE FERTILIZOR, THERE WOULD BE SOMETHING OF A LIGHT SHOW.

THE "FERTILIZOR"? WOW, COULD THAT BE ANY LESS SEXY?

IT IS AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE DEVICE AS IT PERFORMS THE NECESSARY AFOREMENTIONED FUNCTION.

YOU SEE, ONCE PROPERLY STIMULATED, THE FERTILIZOR FIRES A PREGNO-RAY--

"PREGNO-RAY"? SERIOUSLY? YOU JUST SAID PREGNO-RAY OUT LOUD?

MAY I FINISH?

SNICKER... GO AHEAD.

THE PREGNO-RAY--

--STOP GIGGLING--

--FIRES FROM HERE TO VALERON, EFFECTIVELY REVERSING THE EFFECTS OF THE BRUTES' CONTRACEPTIVE BOMB, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY IMPREGNATING ALL OF THE MALES AND FEMALES.

THE MALES!

DID YOU JUST SAY "MALES"?

YES, THE MALES OF VALERON ALSO CARRY THEIR CHILDREN TO TERM.

I FAIL TO SEE THE HUMOR IN WHAT IS ONE OF THE MORE ELEGANT AND IMPERSONAL MATING RITUALS IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.

HA! HA! HA!

SORRY... DO YOU GET PREGNANT TOO...?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! VARTOX IS A WARRIOR AND AN IMMORTAL! I DO NOT NEED TO BE REBORN.

SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... WE TOUCH THE "FERTILIZOR" AND A BEAM SHOOTS OUT OF THIS SHIP, MAKING ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN ON VALERON PREGNANT.

JUST THE ENLIGHTENED ONES, NOT THE BRUTES. AND THEY GIVE BIRTH TO THEMSELVES IN NEW, YOUNGER BODIES.

RIIIIIIGHT... AND THERE'S NO PHYSICAL CONTACT?

BETWEEN US I MEAN. I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF OR ANYTHING?

NOT UNLESS YOU WANTED TO.

OKAY, SUPPOSE I DO IT--

--NOT THE CLOTHES THING, THEY'RE STAYING ON--

--AM I GOING TO HAVE A BUNCH OF KIDS SHOWING UP HERE ON EARTH CALLING ME "MOMMY"?

THIS IS A SPIRITUAL REBIRTH, IT ISN'T A TRADITIONAL MAMMALIAN FORM OF PROCREATING--

--IT IS A REGENERATION OF THE SOUL, COMPLETELY SEPARATE FROM EITHER OF US, AS EACH IMPREGNATED VALERONIAN GIVES NEW LIFE TO HIS OR HER OWN SELF.

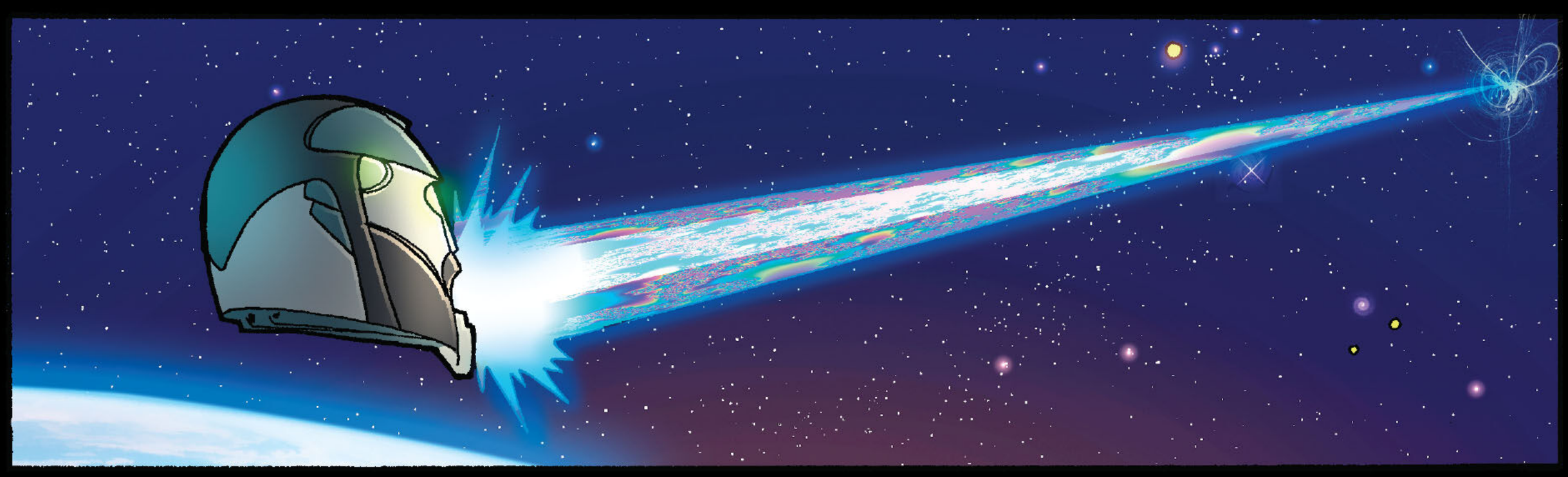
I'M GONNA NEED MORE WINE TO DECIPHER WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE SAYING AND TAKE IT ALL IN... BUT I'LL HELP.

I THINK.

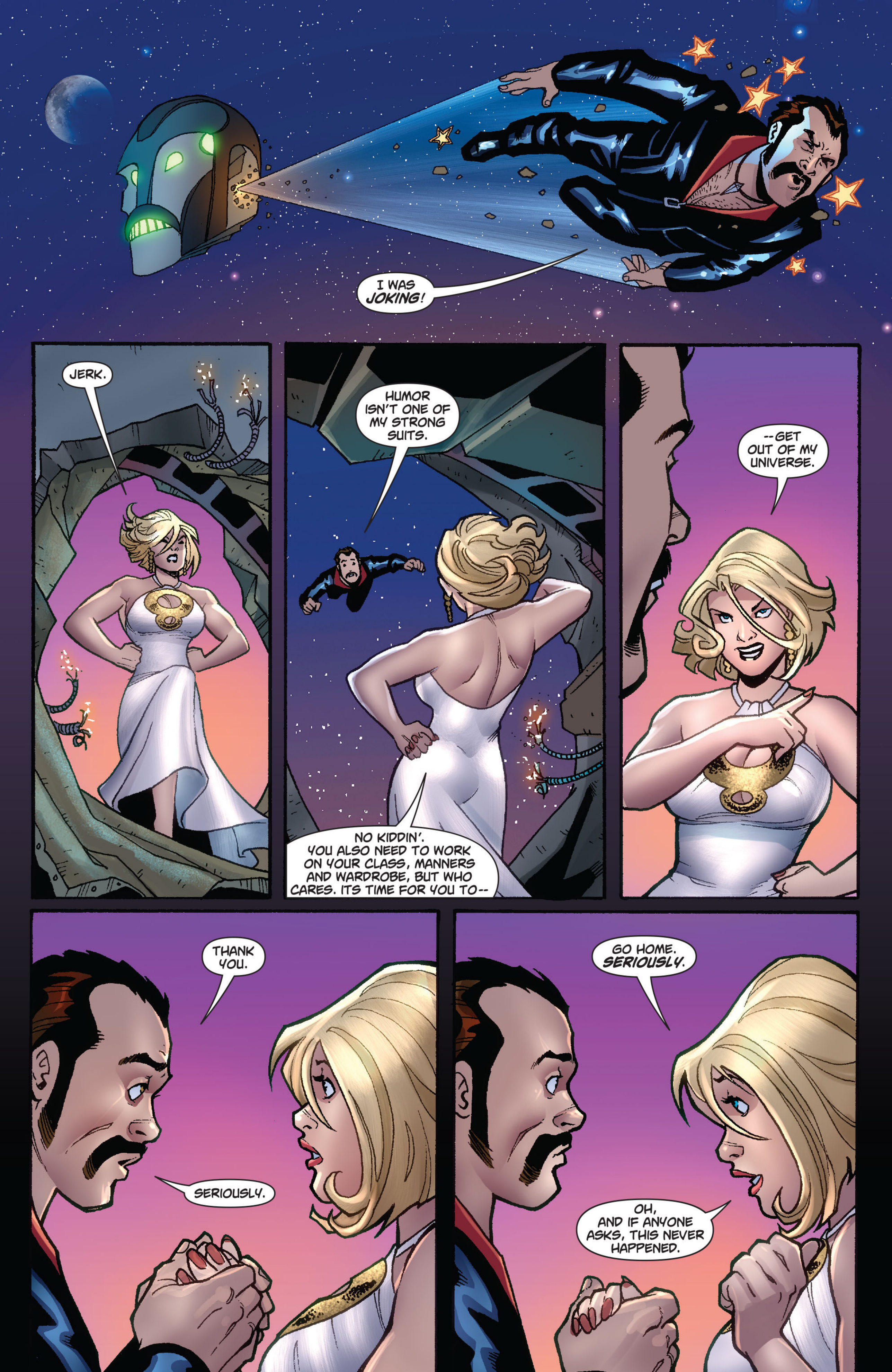
OKAY, I'M IN THE CHAIR...TOUCHING THE FLOATING SPHERE.

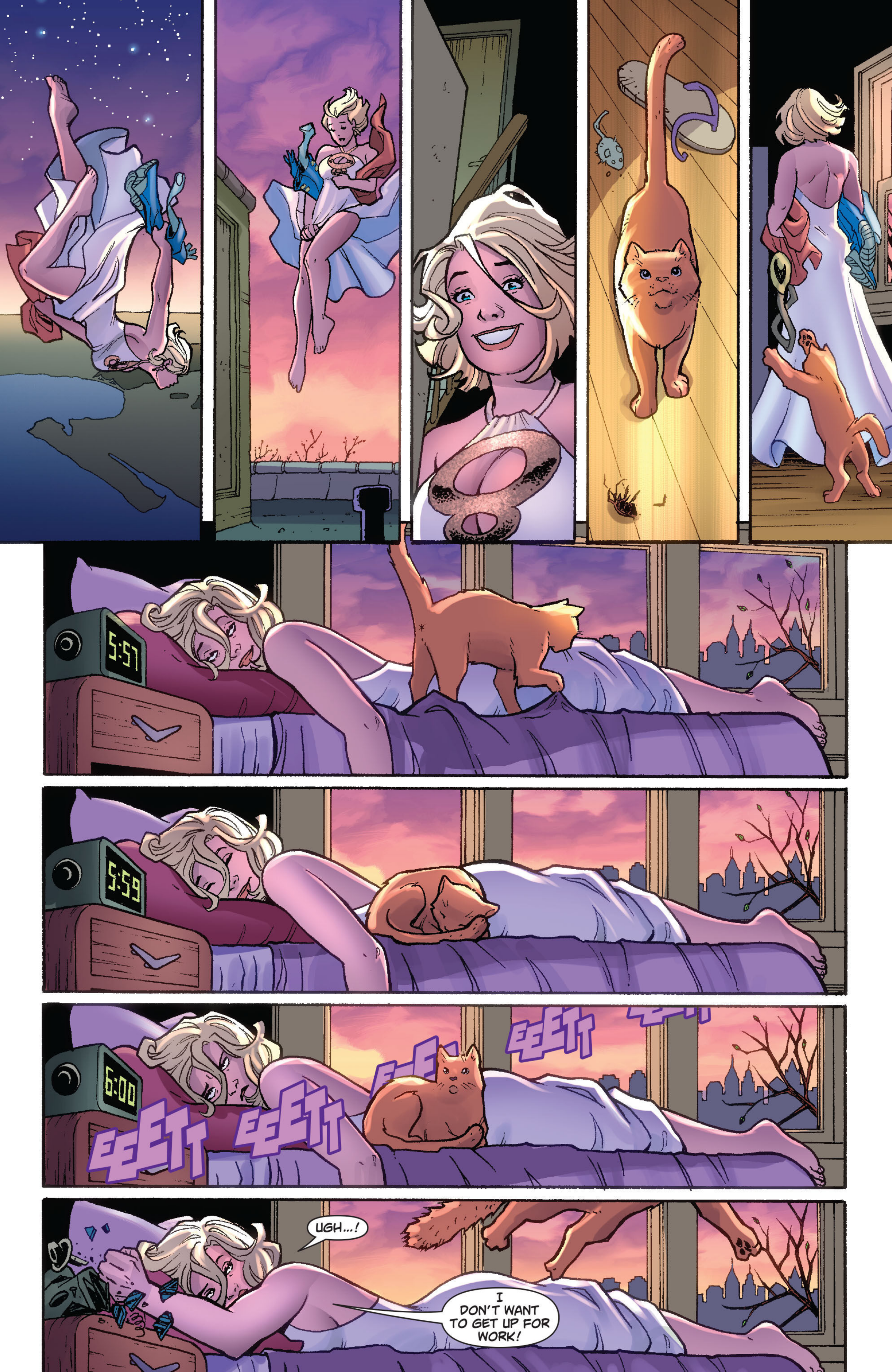
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU NEEDED ME TO DO THIS.
YOUR KRYPTONIAN POWERS MAKE YOU ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE STRAIN OF GENERATING A PREGNO-RAY.

HA HA HA!
STOP LAUGHING... AND CONCEN-TRATE!



WOW, THAT WAS... WEIRD.
THE PEOPLE OF VALERON THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE.
WHAT? SO THAT'S IT?
YES, I MUST BE GOING.


I WAS JOKING!
JERK.
HUMOR ISN'T ONE OF MY STRONG SUITS.
NO KIDDIN'. YOU ALSO NEED TO WORK ON YOUR CLASS, MANNERS AND WARDROBE, BUT WHO CARES. ITS TIME FOR YOU TO--
--GET OUT OF MY UNIVERSE.
THANK YOU.
SERIOUSLY.
GO HOME. SERIOUSLY.
OH, AND IF ANYONE ASKS, THIS NEVER HAPPENED.


5:57
5:59
6:00
EEETT
EEETT
UGH...!
I DON'T WANT TO GET UP FOR WORK!

209
TBS
MALWARE
WHY DID YOU NEED TO SEE ME PERSONALLY?
I FIND YOU ATTRACTIVE.
AGAIN... WHY?
THE ULTRA-HUMANITE OWES ME QUITE A BIT OF MONEY. I'D BE WILLING TO FORGET HIS BILL IF YOU WERE TO... INDULGE ME.
HUMANITE CAN PAY HIS OWN DEBTS.
IF ANYTHING, YOU SHOULD TURN YOUR CONSIDERABLE GENIUS TO DESTROYING POWER GIRL. SHE'S THE ONE THAT TRASHED THE TECH YOU GAVE HIM.
COFFEE
ISN'T THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE, SATANNA? ISN'T THAT WHY YOU WANTED THE GRAVITY WELL?
BESIDES...

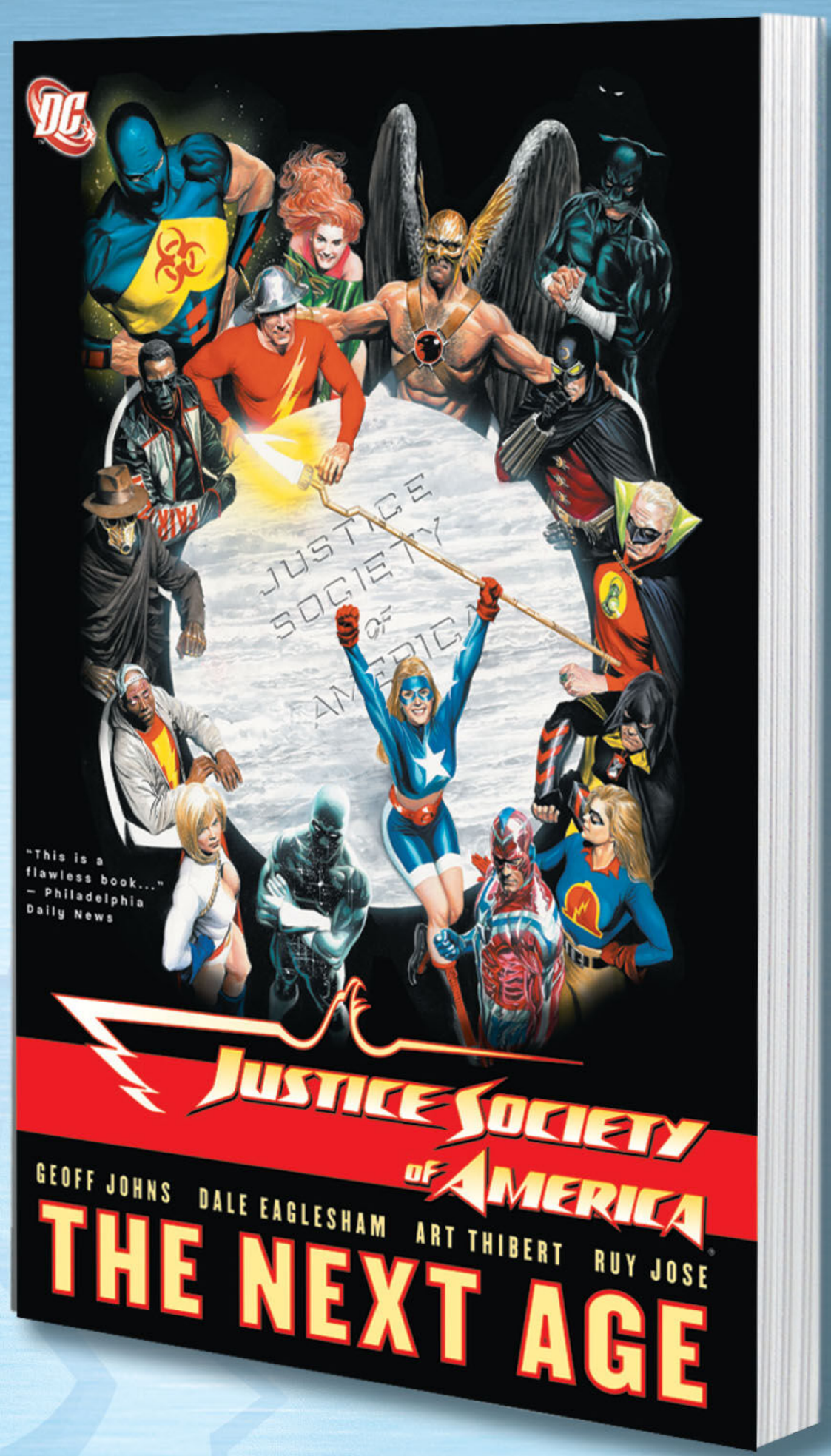
...IF I WANTED TO DESTROY POWER GIRL, I COULD DO SO QUITE EASILY.
NEXT: DR. SIVANA'S ORIGINAL BUZZARD BAND!

FROM THE WRITER OF
GREEN LANTERN *AND* SUPERMAN

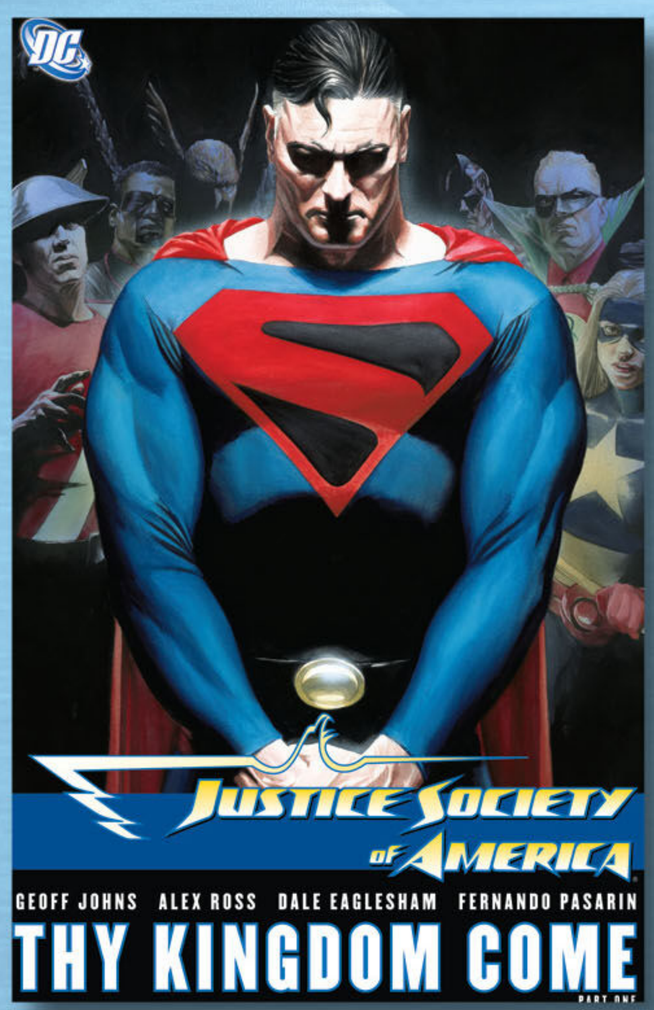
GEOFF JOHNS

with DALE EAGLESHAM

"This is a flawless book."
– PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS

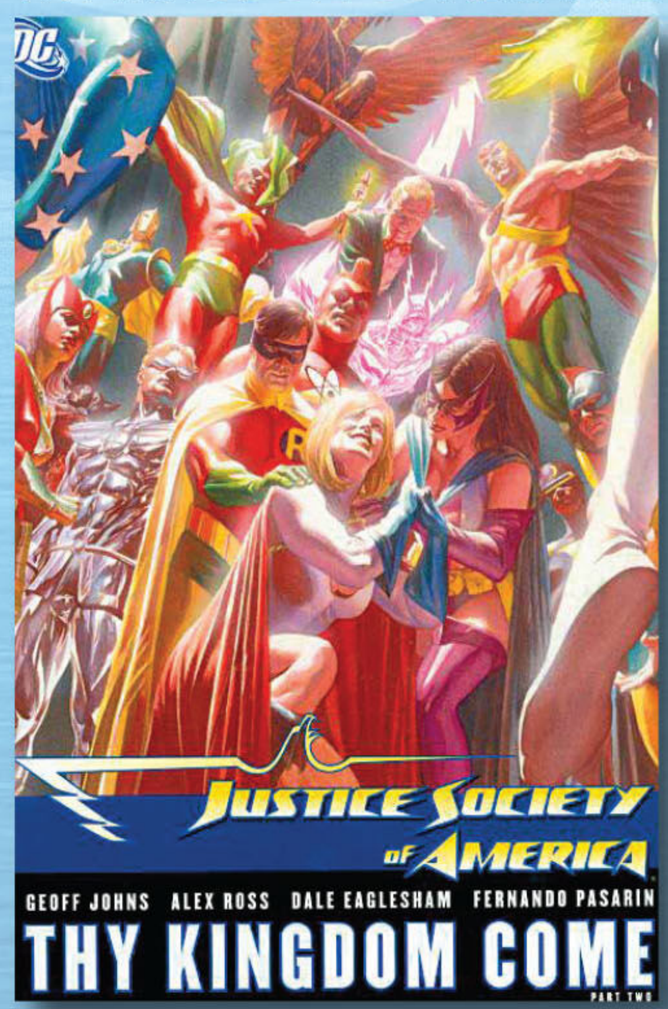


JUSTICE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA
THY KINGDOM COME PART 1



with
DALE EAGLESHAM
& ALEX ROSS

JUSTICE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA
THY KINGDOM COME PART 2



with
DALE EAGLESHAM
& ALEX ROSS

JUSTICE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA
THY KINGDOM COME PART 3

with
DALE EAGLESHAM
& ALEX ROSS

Use the **BUY IN PRINT** feature to find a comics shop near you.
Check back here every week for **NEW DIGITAL RELEASES**!